THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

A TURKISH TALE.

BY LORD BYRON.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BURNS.

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BRIDE OF VARADOS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE

IS INSCRIBED, WITH

EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD

AND RESPECT,

BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED

AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO I.

I.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the turtle—
  Now melt into sorrow—now madden to crime?—
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl[1] in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in die;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—

'Tis the clime of the east—'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?[2]
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparelled as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his Lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan,
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be cleared"—the train disappeared—
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard—"
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.

" Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
" Are passed beyond the outer gate,
" (Woe to the head whose eye beheld
" My child Zuleika's face unveiled!)
" Hence, lead my daughter from her tower—
" Her fate is fixed this very hour;
" Yet not to her repeat my thought—
" By me alone be duty taught!"

" Pacha! to hear is to obey.—"
No more must slave to despot say—
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
  First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast looked, and gently spake,
  Still standing at the Pacha's feet.—
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

" Father!—for fear that thou should'st chide
" My sister, or her sable guide—
" Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
" Was mine—then fall thy frowns on me!

" So lovelily the morning shone,
" That—let the old and weary sleep—
" I could not; and to view alone
" The fairest scenes of land and deep,
" With none to listen and reply
" To thoughts with which my heart beat high
" Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
" In sooth I love not solitude:
" I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
" And, as thou knowest that for me
" Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
" Before the guardian slaves awoke
" We to the cypress groves had flown,
" And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
" There lingered we, beguiled too long
" With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song; [3]
" Till I, who heard the deep tambour [4]
" Beat thy Divan's approaching hour—
" To thee and to my duty true,
" Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:
" But there Zuleika wanders yet—
" Nay, father, frown not—nor forget

" That none can pierce that secret bower
" But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

" Son of a slave!"—the Pacha said—
" From unbelieving mother bred,
" Vain were a father's hope to see
" Aught that beseems a man in thee.
" Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
" And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
" Thou Greek in soul, if not in creed,
" Must pore where babbling waters flow,
" And watch unfolding roses blow.
" Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
" Thy listless eyes so much admire,
" Would lend thee something of his fire!
" Thou, who would'st see this battlement
" By Christian cannon piecemeal rent—
" Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
" Before the dogs of Moscow fall—
" Nor strike one stroke for life and death
" Against the curs of Nazareth!

" Go—let thy less than woman's hand
" Assume the distaff—not the brand.
" But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed—
" And hark—of thine own head take heed—
" If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
" Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword—
" Son of a slave!—reproached with fear—
" Those gibes had cost another dear.
" Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career,
And glances even of more than ire
Flash forth—then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started—for within his eye
He read how much his wrath had done,
He saw rebellion there begun—
" Come hither, boy—what, no reply?

" I mark thee—and I know thee too ;
" But there be deeds thou dar'st not do :
" But if thy beard had manlier length,
" And if thy hand had skill and strength,
" I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
" Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed—
That eye returned him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quailed and shrunk askance—
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.—
" Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
" Will one day work me more annoy—
" I never loved him from his birth,
" And—but his arm is little worth,
" And scarcely in the chace could cope
" With timid fawn or antelope,
" Far less would venture into strife
" Where man contends for fame and life—
" I would not trust that look or tone—
" No—nor the blood so near my own—

" That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
" I'll watch him closer than before—
" He is an Arab [5] to my sight,
" Or Christian crouching in the fight.—
" But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice,
" Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear;
" She is the offspring of my choice—
" Oh! more than even her mother dear,
" With all to hope, and nought to fear,
" My Peri! ever welcome here!
" Sweet, as the desart-fountain's wave
" To lips just cooled in time to save—
" Such to my longing sight art thou;
" Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
" More thanks for life, than I for thine
" Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair—as the first that fell of womankind—
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—
But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;

Dazzling—as that, oh! too transcendant vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven—
Soft—as the memory of buried love—
Pure—as the prayer which Childhood wafts above—
Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the Music breathing from her face![6]
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast—
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt;
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel—
Affection chained her to that heart—
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika—child of gentleness!
"How dear—this very day must tell,
"When I forget my own distress
"In losing what I love so well
"To bid thee with another dwell,
"Another—and a braver man
"Was never seen in battle's van.
"We Moslem reck not much of blood—
"But yet the line of Carasman[7]
"Unchanged—unchangeable hath stood,

" First of the bold Timariot bands
" That won and well can keep their lands.
" Enough—that he who comes to woo
" Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou—
" His years need scarce a thought employ—
" I would not have thee wed a boy—
" And thou shalt have a noble dower:
" And his and my united power
" Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
" Which others tremble but to scan—
" And teach the messenger[8] what fate
" The bearer of such boon may wait.
" And now thou know'st thy father's will—
" All that thy sex hath need to know—
" 'Twas mine to teach obedience still,
" The way to love, thy lord may shew."

VIII.

In silence bowed the virgin's head—
And if her eye was filled with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,

And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped—
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye
Love half regrets to kiss it dry—
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot— 230
Or if remembered, marked it not—
Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed,
Resign'd his gem-adorn'd Chibouque, [10]
And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugrabee [11]—and Mamaluke—
His way amid his Delis took, [12]
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen—or blunt jereed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Haram's massy doors. 240

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye looked o'er the dark blue water,

That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor even his Pacha's turbaned band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter;
Careering cleave the folded felt[13]
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt—
Nor marked the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs[14] wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter.

X

No word from Selim's bosom broke—
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke—
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale—mute—and mournfully sedate.—
To him Zuleika's eye was turned,
But little from his aspect learned;
Equal her grief—yet not the same,
Her heart confessed a gentler flame—
But yet that heart alarmed or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak—

Yet speak she must—but when essay—
" How strange he thus should turn away!
" Not thus we e'er before have met,
" Not thus shall be our parting yet."—
Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
And watched his eye—it still was fixed—
She snatched the urn wherein was mixed
The Persian Atar-gul's[15] perfume,
And sprinkled all it's odours o'er
The pictured roof[16] and marble floor—
The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal addrest,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too—
" What sullen yet? it must not be—
" Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
" He loved them once—may touch them yet,
" If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed—

The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet—
" This rose to calm my brother's cares
" A message from the Bulbul[17] bears;
" It says to-night he will prolong,
" For Selim's ear his sweetest song—
" And though his note is somewhat sad,
" He'll try for once a strain more glad,
" With some faint hope his altered lay
" May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

" What—not receive my foolish flower?—
" Nay then I am indeed unblest:
" On me can thus thy forehead lower?
" And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
" Oh, Selim dear!—Oh, more than dearest!
" Say, is it I thou hat'st or fearest?
" Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
" And I will kiss thee into rest,
" Since words of mine—and songs must fail,
" Even from my fabled nightingale.

" I knew our sire at times was stern,
" But this from thee had yet to learn—
" Too well I know he loves thee not,
" But is Zuleika's love forgot?
" Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
" This kinsman Bey of Carasman
" Perhaps may prove some foe of thine—
" If so—I swear by Mecca's shrine,
" If shrines, that ne'er approach allow
" To woman's step, admit her vow—
" Without thy free consent, command—
" The Sultan should not have my hand!
" Think'st thou that I could bear to part
" With thee—and learn to halve my heart?
" Ah! were I severed from thy side,
" Where were thy friend—and who my guide?
" Years have not seen—Time shall not see
" The hour that tears my soul from thee—
" Even Azrael[18] from his deadly quiver
" When flies that shaft—and fly it must—
" That parts all else—shall doom for ever
" Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt—
He raised the maid from where she knelt—
His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt—
With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt.—
As the stream late concealed
  By the fringe of its willows—
When it rushes revealed
  In the light of its billows,—
As the bolt bursts on high
  From the black cloud that bound it—
Flash'd the soul of that eye
  Through the long lashes round it.
A warhorse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound;
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, displayed,
And all, before repressed, betrayed.

" Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
" With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;—
" Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
" Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
" Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done,
" That vow hath saved more heads than one:—
" But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
" Claims more from me than tenderness;
" I would not wrong the slenderest hair
" That clusters round thy forehead fair,
" For all the treasures buried far
" Within the caves of Istakar.[19]
" This morning clouds upon me lowered,
" Reproaches on my head were showered,
" And Giaffir almost called me coward!
" Now I have motive to be brave,
" The son of his neglected slave:
" Nay, start not—'twas the term he gave—
" May shew, though little apt to vaunt,
" A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
" *His* son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
" Perchance I am, at least shall be;

" But let our plighted secret vow
" Be only known to us as now.
" I know the wretch who dares demand
" From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
" More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
" Holds not a Musselim's [20] control;
" Was he not bred in Egripo? [21]
" A viler race let Israel show!
" But let that pass—to none be told
" Our oath—the rest shall time unfold;
" To me and mine leave Osman Bey,
" I've partizans for peril's day;
" Think not I am what I appear,
" I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

" Think not thou art what thou appearest!
" My Selim, thou art sadly changed;
" This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest,
" But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
" My love thou surely knew'st before,
" It ne'er was less, nor can be more.

" To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
" And hate the night I know not why,
" Save that we meet not but by day—
' With thee to live, with thee to die,
" I dare not to my hope deny:
" Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
" Like this—and this—no more than this,
" For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame,
" What fever in thy veins is flushing?
" My own have nearly caught the same,
" At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
" To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
" Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
" Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
" And lighten half thy poverty;
" Do all but close thy dying eye,
" For that I could not live to try;
" To these alone my thoughts aspire—
" More can I do? or thou require?
" But, Selim, thou must answer why
" We need so much of mystery?

" The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
" But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
" Yet what thou mean'st by ' arms' and ' friends',
" Beyond my weaker sense extends—
" I meant that Giaffir should have heard
" The very vow I plighted thee;
" His wrath would not revoke my word—
" But surely he would leave me free;
" Can this fond wish seem strange in me
" To be what I have ever been?
" What other hath Zuleika seen
" From simple childhood's earliest hour?
" What other can she seek to see
" Than thee, companion of her bower,
" The partner of her infancy?
" These cherished thoughts with life begun,
" Say, why must I no more avow?
" What change is wrought to make me shun
" The truth—my pride—and thine till now?
" To meet the gaze of strangers eyes
" Our law, our creed, our God denies;
" Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
" At such, our Prophet's will, repine:

" No—happier made by that decree,
" He left me all in leaving thee.
" Deep were my anguish, thus compelled
" To wed with one I ne'er beheld—
" This—wherefore should I not reveal?
" Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
" I know the Pacha's haughty mood
" To thee hath never boded good;
" And he so often storms at nought,
" Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
" And why I know not, but within
" My heart concealment weighs like sin.
" If then such secrecy be crime,
" And such it feels while lurking here;
" Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
" Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
" Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,[22]
" My father leaves the mimic war;
" I tremble now to meet his eye—
" Say, Selim, can'st thou tell me why?"

XIV.

" Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
" Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet;
" And now with him I fain must prate
" Of firmans, imposts, levies, state:
" There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
" Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
" For which the Giour may give him thanks!
" Our Sultan hath a shorter way
" Such costly triumph to repay.
" But, mark me, when the twilight drum
  " Hath warned the troops to food and sleep,
" Unto thy cell will Selim come:
  " Then softly from the Haram creep
  " Where we may wander by the deep,
  " Our garden-battlements are steep:
" Nor these will rash intruder climb
" To list our words, or stint our time;
" And if he doth—I want not steel
" Which some have felt, and more may feel.
" Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
" Than thou hast heard or thought before;

" Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!
" Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

" Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
" Did word like this—"
" Delay not thou;
" I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
" Have *some*, and hope, of *more* reward.
" To night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
" My tale, my purpose, and my fear—
" I am not, love! what I appear."

END OF CANTO I.

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO II.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
  As on that night of stormy water
When Love—who sent—forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
  The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft, and tides below,
With signs and sounds forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;

His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves divide not lovers long!"
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high—and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedew'd in vain;
The desart of old Priam's pride—
The tombs—sole relics of his reign—
All, save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been,
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn—
To trace again those fields of yore—

Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes—
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont"[23] still dashes—
Be long my lot—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme—
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;—
That mighty heap of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's[24] son ran proudly round,
By nations rais'd, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath.

Dust long outlasts the storied stone—
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes, there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran;[25]
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
How could she thus that gem forget?
Her mother's sainted amulet,[26]
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;

And by her Comboloio [27] lies
A Koran of illumin'd dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room—
But yet it hath an air of gloom.—
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear;

With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conned apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be—
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure

His bower in other worlds of bliss,
Without *her* most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seem'd wrought within the grot:
It might be only that the night
Disguis'd things seen by better light—
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turban'd Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red—perchance with guilt—
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean—she turn'd to see
Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreath'd lightly round, his temples wore:—
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,
No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced.
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white—the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote:
Beneath—his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast—
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye—and tone and hand—
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.[28]

X.

" I said I was not what I seemed—
" And now thou seest my words were true;
" I have a tale thou hast not dreamed,
" If sooth—its truth must others rue.
" My story now 'twere vain to hide,
" I must not see thee Osman's bride:
" But had not thine own lips declared
" How much of that young heart I shared,
" I could not, must not, yet have shown
" The darker secret of my own.— 160
" In this I speak not now of love—
" That—let time, truth, and peril prove;
" But first—Oh! never wed another—
" Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

" Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
" God! am I left alone on earth?—
" To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
" That saw my solitary birth!

" Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
" My sinking heart foreboded ill;
" But know *me* all I was before,
" Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
" Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
" If thou hast cause for vengeance—See!
" My breast is offered—take thy fill!
" Far better with the dead to be
" Than live thus nothing now to thee—
" Perhaps far worse—for now I know
" Why Giaffir always seemed thy foe;
" And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
" For whom thou wert contemned—reviled—
" If not thy sister—wouldst thou save
" My life—Oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

" My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
" But, gentle love, this transport calm,
" Thy lot shall yet be linked with mine;
" I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
" And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.

" So may the Koran[29] verse displayed
" Upon its steel direct my blade,
" In danger's hour to guard us both,
" As I preserve that awful oath!
" The name in which thy heart hath prided
" Must change—but, my Zuleika, know,
" That tie is widened—not divided—
" Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
" My father was to Giaffir all
" That Selim late was deemed to thee;
" That brother wrought a brother's fall,
" But spared—at least, my infancy—
" And lulled me with a vain deceit
" That yet a like return may meet.
" He reared me—not with tender help—
" But like the nephew of a Cain,[30]
" He watched me like a lion's whelp,
" That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
" My father's blood in every vein
" Is boiling—but for thy dear sake
" No present vengeance will I take—
Though here I must no more remain.

" But first—beloved Zuleika!—hear
" How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

" How first their strife to rancour grew—
" If love or envy made them foes—
" It matters little if I knew;
" In fiery spirits, slights though few
" And thoughtless will disturb repose:
" In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
" Remembered yet in Bosniac song,
" And Paswan's[31] rebel hordes attest
" How little love they bore such guest.
" His death is all I need relate,
" The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
" And how my birth disclosed to me,
" Whate'er beside it makes—hath made me—free.

XIV.

" When Paswan, after years of strife,
" At last for power—but first for life—
" In Widin's walls too proudly sate—
" Our Pachas rallied round the state;

" Nor last nor least in high command
" Each brother led a separate band;
" They gave their horsetails[32] to the wind,
" And mustering in Sophia's plain
" Their tents were pitched—their post assigned—
" To one, alas! assigned in vain!—
" What need of words?—the deadly bowl,
" By Giaffir's order drugged and given,
" With venom subtle as his soul,
" Dismissed Abdallah's hence to heaven.
" Reclined and feverish in the bath,
" He, when the hunter's sport was up,
" But little deemed a brother's wrath
" To quench his thirst had such a cup.
" The bowl a bribed attendant bore,
" He drank one draught[33]—nor needed more!
" If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt—
" Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

" The deed once done—and Paswan's feud
" In part suppressed—though ne'er subdued—

" Abdallah's Pachalick was gained—
" (Thou know'st not what in our Divan
" Can wealth procure for worse than man):
" Abdallah's honours were obtained
" By him a brother's murder stained;
" 'Tis true—the purchase nearly drained
" His ill got treasure—soon replaced—
" Would'st question whence?—Survey the waste—
" And ask the squalid peasant how
" His gains repay his broiling brow!
" Why me the stern usurper spared,
" Why thus with me his palace shared,
" I know not.—Shame—regret—remorse—
" And little fear from infant's force—
" Besides—adoption as a son
" By him whom Heaven accorded none:
" Or some unknown cabal—caprice—
" Preserved me thus, but not in peace;
" He cannot curb his haughty mood,
" Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

" Within thy father's house are foes—
" Not all who break his bread are true;
" To these should I my birth disclose,
" His days—his very hours were few:
" They only want a heart to lead,
" A hand to point them to the deed.
" But Haroun only knows—or knew
" This tale—whose close is almost nigh—
" He in Abdallah's palace grew,
" And held that post in his Serai
" Which holds he here—he saw him die:
" But what could single slavery do?
" Avenge his lord—alas! too late—
" Or save his son from such a fate?
" He chose the last—and when elate
" With foes subdued—or friends betrayed—
" Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
" He led me helpless to his gate,
" And not in vain it seems essayed
" To save the life for which he prayed.

" The knowledge of my birth secured
" From all and each—but most from me;
" Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured,
" Removed he too from Roumelie
" To this our Asiatic side,
" Far from our seats by Danube's tide—
" With none but Haroun, who retains
" Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
" A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
" From which the captive gladly steals,
" And this and more to me reveals.
" Such still to guilt just Alla sends
" Slaves—tools—accomplices—no friends!

XVII.

" All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds
" But harsher still my tale must be,
" Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
" Yet I must prove all truth to thee;
" I saw thee start this garb to see,
" Yet is it one I oft have worn,
" And long must wear—this Galiongee
" To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,

" Is leader of those pirate hordes,
" Whose laws and lives are on their swords;
" To hear whose desolating tale
" Would make thy waning cheek more pale;
" Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
" The hands that wield are not remote;
" This cup too for the rugged knaves
" Is filled—once quaffed, they ne'er repine,
" Our Prophet might forgive the slaves,
" They're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

" What could I be?—Proscribed at home,
" And taunted to a wish to roam;
" And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
" Denied the courser and the spear;
" Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft
" In full Divan the despot scoffed,
" As if *my* weak unwilling hand
" Refused the bridle or the brand:
" He ever went to war alone,
" And pent me here untried—unknown—

" To Haroun's care with women left,
" By hope unblest—of fame bereft.
" While thou—whose softness long endeared,
" Though it unmanned me, still had cheered—
" To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
" Awaited'st there the field's event;—
" Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
" Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
" His captive, though with dread resigning,
" My thraldom for a season broke; 340
" On promise to return before
" The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
" 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
" My almost drunkenness of heart,
" When first this liberated eye
" Surveyed Earth—Ocean—Sun and Sky!
" As if my spirit pierced them through,
" And all their inmost wonders knew—
" One word alone can paint to thee
" That more than feeling—I was Free! 350
" E'en for thy presence ceased to pine—
" The World—nay—Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

" The shallop of a trusty Moor
" Conveyed me from this idle shore;
" I longed to see the isles that gem
" Old Ocean's purple diadem:
" I sought by turns, and saw them all,[34]
" But when and where I joined the crew,
" With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,
" When all that we design to do
" Is done—'twill then be time more meet
" To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

" 'Tis true—they are a lawless brood,
" But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
" And every creed, and every race,
" With them hath found—may find a place;
" But open speech, and ready hand,
" Obedience to their chief's command;
" A soul for every enterprize,
" That never sees with terror's eyes;
" Friendship for each, and faith to all,
" And vengeance vow'd for those who fall;
" Have made them fitting instruments
" For more than even my own intents.

" And some—and I have studied all
" Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
" But chiefly to my council call
" The wisdom of the cautious Frank:—
" And some to higher thoughts aspire,
" The last of Lambro's [35] patriots there
" Anticipated freedom share;
" And oft around the cavern fire
" On visionary schemes debate,
" To snatch the Rayahs [36] from their fate.—
" So let them ease their hearts with prate
" Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew,
" I have a love for freedom too.
" Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch [37] roam,
" Or only know on land the Tartar's home, [38]
" My tent on shore—my galley on the sea—
" Are more than cities and Serais to me;
" Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
" Across the desart, or before the gale,
" Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide my prow,
" But be the star that guides the wanderer—Thou!
" Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark—
" The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!

" Or since that hope denied in worlds of strife—
" Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
" The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
" And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
" Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
" To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
" Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
" That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
" Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,
" Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
" For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
" Blooming as Aden[39] in its earliest hour.
" A thousand swords—with Selim's heart and hand—
" Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
" Girt by my band—Zuleika at my side—
" The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride:—
" The Haram's languid years of listless ease
" Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these:
" Not blind to fate—I see where'er I rove
" Unnumber'd perils—but one only love!
" Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
" Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
" How dear the dream! in darkest hours of ill,
" Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!

" Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown—
" To thee, be Selim's tender as thine own!
" To soothe each sorrow—share in each delight—
" Blend every thought—do all but disunite!
" Once free—'tis mine our horde again to guide—
" Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:—
" Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
" By fatal Nature to man's warring kind,
" Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease—
" He makes a solitude—and calls it—peace!
" I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
" But ask no land beyond my sabre's length;—
" Power sways but by division—her resource
" The blest alternative of fraud or force!
" Ours be the last—in time deceit may come
" When cities cage us in a social home:
" There even thy soul might err—how oft the heart
" Corruption shakes—which Peril could not part!—
" And woman, more than man, when death or woe
" Or even Disgrace would lay her lover low—
" Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—
" Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!
" But life is hazard at the best—and here
" No more remains to win, and much to fear—

" Yes, fear! the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
" By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree—
" That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
" Which Love to night hath promised to my sail—
" No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
" Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest;
" With thee all toils are sweet—each clime hath charms,
" Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms!
" Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck—
" So that those arms cling closer round my neck—
" The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
" No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
" The war of elements no fears impart
" To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art
" *There* lie the only rocks our course can check,
" *Here* moments menace—*there* are years of wreck!
" But hence ye thoughts! that rise in Horror's shape—
" This hour bestows—or ever bars escape—
" Few words remain of mine my tale to close—
" Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes:—
" Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
" And is not Osman—who would part us—thine?

XXI.

" His head and faith from doubt and death
" Returned in time my guard to save;
" Few heard—none told—that o'er the wave
" From isle to isle I roved the while;
" And since, though parted from my band
" Too seldom now I leave the land;
" No deed they've done—nor deed shall do,
" Ere I have heard and doomed it too;
" I form the plan, decree the spoil,
" 'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
" But now too long I've held thine ear,
" Time presses—floats my bark—and here
" We leave behind but hate and fear.
" To-morrow Osman with his train
" Arrives—to-night must break thy chain;
" And would'st thou save that haughty Bey
" Perchance—*his* life who gave thee thine—
" With me this hour away—away—
" But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
" Would'st thou recal thy willing vow,
" Appalled by truths imparted now—

" Here rest I—not to see thee wed,
" But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

Zuleika—mute and motionless,
Stood like that statue of distress—
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother hardened into stone;
All in the maid that eye could see
Was but a younger Niobé!—
But ere her lip, or even her eye,
Essayed to speak, or look reply—
Beneath the garden's wicket porch
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!
Another—and another—and another—
" Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother!"
Far—wide through every thicket spread
The fearful lights are gleaming red;
Nor these alone—for each right hand
Is ready with a sheathless brand:—
They part, pursue, return, and wheel
With searching flambeau, shining steel;

And last of all, his sabre waving,
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving,
And now almost they touch the cave—
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—" 'Tis come—soon past—
" One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last;
" But yet my band not far from shore
" May hear this signal—see the flash—
" Yet now too few—the attempt were rash—
" No matter—yet one effort more."
Forth to the cavern mouth he stept,
His pistol's echo rang on high:
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumbed her breast and eye!
" They hear me not, or if they ply
" Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;
" That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
" Then forth my father's scimitar,
" Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!

" Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire—
" Yet stay within—here linger safe,
" At thee his rage will only chafe.—
" Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
" Some erring blade or ball should glance:
" Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
" If in this strife I seek thy sire!—
" No—though by him that poison poured—
" No—though again he call me coward!—
" But tamely shall I meet their steel?
" No—as each crest save *his* may feel!

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gained the sand—
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band—
A gasping head, a quivering trunk;
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes:
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave;—
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—

Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water!

XXV.

Escaped from shot—unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed it's force to feel—
Had Selim won—betrayed—beset—
To where the strand and billows met—
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause—that fatal gaze he took—
Hath doomed his death—or fixed his chain—
Sad proof—in peril and in pain
How late will Lover's hope remain!—
His back was to the dashing spray—
Behind but close—his comrades lay—

When at the instant, hissed the ball,
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang?
Too nearly—deadly aimed to err—
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate—
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling,
If aught his lips essayed to groan
The rushing billows choaked the tone!—

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away—
Few trophies of the fight are there—
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent—but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear—
And fragments of each shivered brand—
Steps stamped—and dashed into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be marked—nor far remote
A broken torch—an oarless boat—
And tangled on the weeds that heap

The beach where shelving to the deep—
There lies a white Capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain—
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep
Go—seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay—
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow—
That hand—whose motion is not life—
Yet feebly seems to menace strife—
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levelled with the wave—
What recks it? though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robbed the meaner worm!
The only heart—the only eye—
Had bled or wept to see him die,

Had seen those scattered limbs composed,
And mourned above his turban-stone—[40]
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale—
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destin'd lord is come too late—
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!—
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh [41] warn his distant ear?
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
The Koran-chaunters of the hymn of fate—
The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
Sighs in the hall—and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill—
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—

And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
Sufficed to kill—
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still—
Peace to thy broken heart—and virgin grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst,
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first!
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence—shame—pride—hate—revenge—remorse!
And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies—
The Worm that will not sleep—and never dies—
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light—
That winds around, and tears the quiv'ring heart—
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head—
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled—
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief—
Thy pride of heart—thy bride for Osman's bed—

She—whom thy sultan had but seen to wed—
Thy Daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age—thy twilight's lonely beam—
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream—
What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
Hark—to the hurried question of Despair!
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamped with an eternal grief;
Like early unrequited Love!
One spot exists—which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove.—
A single rose is shedding there
It's lonely lustre, meek and pale,
It looks as planted by Despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;

And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears.
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour
And buds unsheltered by a bower,
Nor droops—though spring refuse her shower
Nor woos the summer beam.—
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote—
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul—but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain;
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve
As if they loved in vain!

And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmixed with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high—
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable its sound
Into Zuleika's name.[43]
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word—
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.
There late was laid a marble stone,
Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep-fixed pillar to the shore;

For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell—
Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave—
And there by night, reclin'd, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head—
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay—that mourning flower
Hath flourished—flourisheth this hour—
Alone—and dewy—coldly pure and pale—
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

NOTES.

Note 1, page 1, line 8.

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom.

"Gúl," the rose.

Note 2, page 2, line 2.

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

"Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
"With whom Revenge is Virtue."

YOUNG'S REVENGE.

Note 3, page 4, line 16.

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song.

Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

Note 4, page 4, line 17.

Till I, who heard the deep tambour.

Tambour, Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

Note 5, page 8, line 3.

He is an Arab to my sight.

The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Note 6, page 9, line 18.

The mind—the Music breathing from her face.

This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps, of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. DE L'ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? With the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

Note 7, page 10, line 20.

But yet the line of Carasman.

Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey, he governs Magnesia; those, who by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Note 8, page 11, line 11.

And teach the messenger what fate.

When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Suitan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

Note 9, page 12, line 10.

Thrice clapped his hands, and called his steed.

Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

Note 10, page 12, line 11.

Resign'd his gem-adorned Chibouque.

Chibouque, the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

Note 11, page 12, line 13.

With Maugrabee—and Mamaluke.

Maugrabee, Moorish mercenaries.

Note 12, page 12, line 14.

His way amid his Delis took.

Deli, bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

Note 13, page 13, line 6.

Careering cleave the folded felt.

A twisted fold of *felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

Note 14, page 13, line 9.

Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud.

" Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the " Leilies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah ; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

Note 15, page 14, line 8.

The Persian Atar-gul's perfume.

" Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

Note 16, page 14, line 10.

The pictured roof and marble floor.

The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eter-

nal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c. are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

Note 17, page 15, line 4.

A message from the Bulbul bears.

It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallem," &c. *if* Mr. Fox *was* mistaken.

Note 18, page 16, line 19.

Even Azrael from his deadly quiver.

"Azrael"—the angel of death.

Note 19, page 18, line 12.

Within the caves of Istakar.

The treasures of the Preadamite Sultans. See D'HERBELOT, article *Istakar.*

Note 20, page 19, line 6.

Holds not a Musselim's control.

Musselim, a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

Note 21, page 19, line 7.

Was he not bred in Egripo.

Egripo—the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

Note 22, page 22, line 17.

Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar.

"Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

Note 23, page 27, line 4.

Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes.

The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time, and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "απειρος:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.

Note 24, page 27, line 15.

Which Ammon's son ran proudly round.

Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochus; the first is in the centre of the plain.

Note 25, page 28, line 14.

O'er which her fairy fingers ran.

When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable.

Note 26, page 28, line 17.

Her mother's sainted amulet.

The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

Note 27, page 29, line 1.

And by her Comboloio lies.

"Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS. particularly

those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie; perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

Note 28, page 32, line 20.

In him was some young Galiongée.

"Galiongée"—or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a *Turkish* sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver, are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession), at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

Note 29, page 35, line 1.

So may the Koran verse displayed.

The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea

that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

Note 30, page 35, line 16.

But like the nephew of a Cain.

It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew; indeed the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own Sacred writ, and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife, and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is therefore no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

Note 31, page 36, line 10.

And Paswan's rebel hordes attest.

Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin, who for the last years of his life set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Note 32, page 37, line 3.

They gave their horsetails to the wind.

Horsetail, the standard of a Pacha.

Note 33, page 37, line 16.

He drank one draught—nor needed more!

Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

Note 34, page 43, line 5.

I sought by turns, and saw them all.

The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

Note 35, page 44, line 6.

The last of Lambro's patriots there.

Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789—90 for the independence of his country; abandoned by the Russians he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprizes. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

Note 36, page 44, line 10.

To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.

"Rayahs," all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."

Note 37, page 44, line 14.

Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam.

This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

Note 38, page 44, line 15.

Or only know on land the Tartar's home.

The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself cannot be denied. A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desart, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.

Note 39, page 45, line 12.

Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.

"Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman Paradise.

Note 40, page 55, line 2.

And mourned above his turban-stone.

A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.

Note 41, page 55, line 11.

The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear.

The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

Note 42, page 57, line 7.

" Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—" Where?"

" I came to the place of my birth and cried, 'The friends of " my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where " are they?' " *From an Arabic MS.*

The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader—it is given in the first annotation, page 67, of " The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

Note 43, page 59, line 12.

Into Zuleika's name.

" And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names."

MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George II. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's Reminiscences), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the Cathedral with cages-full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly.—For this anecdote, see Orford's Letters.

THE END.

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The bride of Abydos a turkish tale

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